

Will the Zebra-Gowned "Countess of Monte Cristo" Make Broadway Sit Up?

Its "Own Queen of Diamonds" Thrilled Great White Way—Once; and That Thrill Is Not Yet Forgotten.

Mrs. Smith Wilkinson May Wear Diamond Buttons, but Mrs. Charles H. Anthony "Beat Her to the Punch" With Diamond Heels and Unique Ideas of Her Own on Dress.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

IT'S all very well for PARIS to get excited about Mrs. Smith Wilkinson, the British matron who has zebra rows with diamond buttons, diamond fillings in her teeth and a solid gold bath tub!

But it will take more than this so-called "Countess of Monte Cristo" to make Broadway sit up—if she pays us her contemplated visit next autumn!

For Broadway has not forgotten our own American Mme. Monte Cristo, also known as the Queen of Diamonds, the human sunburst, the feminine art light—Mrs. Charles H. Anthony of Muncie, Ind.



Ever since Mrs. Anthony's diamond heels lit up the most shadowy corners of Peacock Alley, away back in 1912, ever since Mrs. Anthony's simple statement that a woman might manage to be well dressed on \$50,000 a year made New York husbands clutch their pocketbooks tighter—the first feminine citizen of Muncie, Ind., frequently has shone upon us with at least 100,000 candle power. Eyes trained to bear her radiance will not even blink when subjected to the diamond buttons of Mrs. Smith Wilkinson. We have seen America first!

I still remember, gratefully, Mrs. Anthony's reticence, the number of her scintillations to the square inch—and there were ever so many square inches, since she was the type of beauty known as "an opulent blonde"—when I called on her one spring afternoon at the Waldorf-Astoria. She had just spent seven weeks there, and I felt sure that the lighting bills for the hotel had lessened appreciably during the period.

She wore, when I saw her, four diamond rings. One of those reached in a solid, diamond-encrusted bar from the second to the third joint of the ring finger. Three four-carat stones were set in this slab, surrounded by at least fifty smaller ones. On the little finger of the same hand Mrs. Anthony wore a large round diamond surrounded by a circle of others. On the other hand she wore two rings, one of which had nine and the other seven huge diamonds, set respectively in the shape of a diamond with sides half an inch long.

In her ears Mrs. Anthony wore enormous pear-shaped diamond pendants, hanging from small round diamond-encrusted buttons. Around her neck was a thin chain with a heart-shaped diamond pendant. Five or six large stones were set in the handle of her locket.

A brooch as large as a dragon fly and shaped like one finished the deep cut V of her superlatively transparent blouse. Below the brooch hung six inches of diamond pendant.

In the evening she was in the habit of wearing a diamond necklace and a diamond armband. She admitted that she had more pairs of diamond-heeled slippers than she could remember, but insisted that she really was economical because, when the slippers wore out she had the heels transferred to others instead of throwing them away.

As for what Mrs. Anthony wore, in addition to diamonds, I can only say that a black-and-white zebra gown is sackcloth and ashes by comparison. On the day of our meeting she showed me an evening gown of white and silver brocade with pearl trimmings. "There is an opening here at the side of the skirt, and I wear a flesh-colored petticoat," she confided, with the smile of a good and innocent child. "And I always lift my train to give the skirt effect."

Just a few of her other frocks included a sunset pink silk, a grass green velvet, a black velvet trimmed with red and cut jet and weighing at least twenty-five pounds, an apricot broadcloth gown (with which she wore a cloth of gold hat trimmed with sweeping blue plumes).

"I wish," she confided, "you could have seen the emerald green satin bathing suit that I wore at Palm Beach last year. It made a sensation. I tell you, of course I had my head tied up with green, and I wore green, olive boots, very high, you know. Nobody believed I was wearing those boots into the water, but I did, and of course I could only wear a pair of boots on."

It longed to get a peep at Mrs. Anthony's bathing suit, 1921 model!

All her clothes are "made in America," she told me that she herself designed them all, and that she also designed her diamonds. "I honestly don't know how many I have," Kimberley's prize patron admitted. "They are my birthstone and I have just loved them always. I have a number of fine stones that have never been set. I don't even know how many pieces I own. I just do them up in little bits of paper when I'm not wearing them."

"I accept only the finest blue-white stones. I don't care for what is called the commercial diamond. Another reason why I like the stone is because it is so difficult to imitate. Then, when I have my diamonds, I am never lonely. I may be all alone in the room, but they are company for me. The diamond is the pledge of love. There's something royal about diamonds, too. They insure one consideration—especially from the tax collector."

"Diamonds are always brilliant. Diamonds are full of life. Diamonds never betray. Diamonds are almost impossible to imitate. Diamonds increase in value with every year they remain in one's possession. Are any of these things true of most? I finished Mrs. Anthony, casting, for good measure, a mental flash into her sparkling aura.

Broadway, I know you haven't forgotten the Queen of Diamonds—all-American. And, remembering her three-carat blaze of brilliants, you also will remember your Shakespeare well enough to exclaim to any would-be dazzling dame from the other side: "Out, out, brief candle!"

DAILY MAGAZINE

New York's Spooning Places

By Clyde Ludwick

No. 7—At the Seaside



LOVE at the seaside, love on a great, vast beach, with lots of other lovers all around, and yet—TWO lost in the crowd.

As the waves roll in, big green and blue soft, foaming waves, some dashing, some roaring, some gentle ripples, they sit upon the beach and look life in the face. Love is in the salt waves that splash about them, love is in the soft, warm air, love is in his eyes and in her eyes, and they BOTH know—yes, without even taking the trouble to express it in words—that THIS is the great love of their lives.

A great faded sunshade screens them from the crowd. They are lost, quite lost in the throng. Perhaps some one remarks that she has a stunning bathing suit, perhaps some one whispers he looks as handsome as an ad. for a collar advertisement—but aside from that fact they are as much alone as upon the sands

of Egypt. Their eyes meet, the waves roll in and out again, his warm, pulsating hand reaches out for her dimpled one, and in that clasp they tell each other more than the hero and heroine of our latest novel.

It matters not whether they are on the sands of Long Beach or cuddled together at Coney Island; they have the same ocean, the same waves, the same cool breezes, the same salt air, the same thoughts.

He writes her name in the sand and she writes his beside it. Another wave rolls in; they smile and he sketches a heart about their names. Adam proved himself just such a sand artist for Eve, but Eve's daughters feel the same thrill every time they look at that little heart in the sand.

Other hearts are decorating the beach, but love is blind and there are no other lovers in the world to them. No one receives the same

messages from the sea, no one knows quite as much about love as the two who sit and gaze first at the ocean, then at each other.

Older men and women who stroll by envy them. Theirs is the first season at the seaside. The first awakening of love, the first time the breath of the ocean has brought them the message of love.

They bask in the golden sunshine. She glories in his Spartan tan, he laughs at her first freckle. They splash in the waves, breathe deeply, rest, look out upon the splashing waves, the long stretches of silver sand and then back into each other's eyes.

All life seems clear and simple to them. It is all so good and wholesome, like the invigorating fresh air which is being wafted back and forth to them. Love is the axis upon which the world revolves. Each wave brings in a fresh inspiration to them. Each wave brings in a new thought of love and the joy of living.

The White-Haired Worker

By Sophie Irene Loeb

SEVERAL letters have come to me from women complaining bitterly that they do not stand good chances for positions because of their gray hair.

As one of them put it, "They do not even ask about your capabilities, your efficiency, or your experience. They seem to judge by the color of your hair. I know that I can do the work of the average young woman in the positions for which I apply, but it seems to me the younger ones are chosen only because of their youth."

"Another thing that makes me very unhappy is the fact that invariably they look with pity on you. Some of them are kind-hearted and think they would like to find something easy and simple and pay less at the same time, going on the theory that I am gray and old and of no use. If I were a wig I am sure I would have secured a position."

"This is all wrong. Somehow it seems unfair, and I am asking you to write something about it in the hope of awakening employers to the injustice that is being practiced every day on women who want work and can do it, but lose it for the reason stated."

It is all wrong, just as she says, not only in the case of women, but also men. I know of one white-haired woman who is worth far more than two or three young women together. In other words, she not only can do the work of two or three young persons in the same position, but it is easier for her to do it.

I wonder how many employers realize the hardships they have to go through with young people who are not settled nor interested in their work. I am sure that many of those who are inexperienced and cause considerable trouble in getting their experience.

It is only sensible to realize that, an older person has gone through something in life and knows how to

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

THE scene was the family basket party in the woods on the outskirts, and Mrs. Jarr, Mr. Jarr, the Ranges, the Hicketts, old Mrs. Dusenberry and other neighbors and their children were preparing to spread the festive tablecloth.

"Who's brought a tablecloth, a big one?" asked old Mrs. Dusenberry. "Somebody should have brought a big tablecloth," Mrs. Dusenberry went on, "but if nobody had we can spread newspapers, like we do in Indiana; only I never did like it, because you just can't help reading the medicine advertisements while you are eating. An' readin' symptoms allus took away my appetite."

"I intended to bring a tablecloth, but mine are all real Irish linen, and, really, I was afraid it might get stained," said Mrs. Jarr.

"The air of that Jarr woman are killing!" whispered Mrs. Hickett in an aside into the willing ear of Mrs. Terwilliger. "Irish linen tablecloths, indeed! I've seen her use a sheet for a tablecloth, and that taken out her ironing-board, too!"

"This wasn't true, but old Mrs. Hickett was so mad she was rocking."

"Well, good gracious!" cried Mrs. Hickett loudly. "I've come all the way here to find that my stupid servant forgot to pack the fried chicken. The chickens cost me \$1.00!"

With a jump that signified her vexation, Mrs. Hickett set down a bottle of olives on the table.

"What chicken, now?" asked Johnny Hickett.

Mrs. Hickett just had time to give him an admonishing poke.

How to Reduce Your Weight Right in Your Own Home

To-Day's Trunk Bending and Circling Exercises Aid Reduction at the Waistline.

By Doris Doseher.

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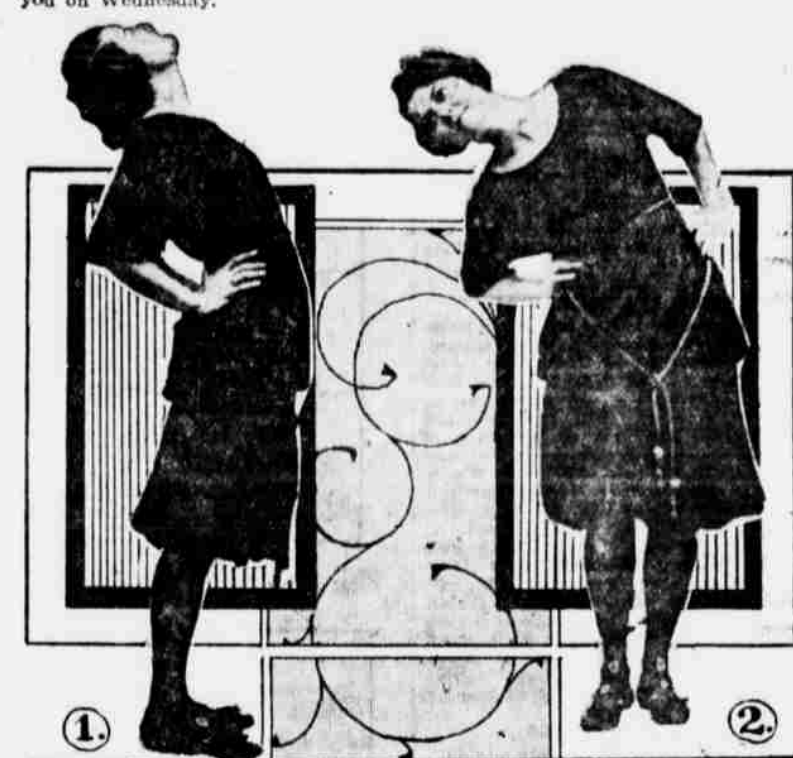
YOUR chief difficulty, if you are a stout woman, is the reduction of your waistline.

One reason is that if you wear corsets, tight corsets, especially—as most stout women do—the muscles about the waist are held in an inert state. The stout woman in her unyielding stays may be compared to the prisoner in his cell. Only through exercising the muscles of her waist when freed from her armor can she overcome the damage done. The waist bending exercise I give you to-day, to be performed in the morning after you have followed my previous instructions for exercising the legs, the neck, the arms, will not only reduce your waist line but will do your digestive organs a great deal of good and thus greatly improve your health.

If you wish to have good circulation around these organs, if you wish to regain your girlish figure, you must learn to be nimble at the waistline. For this end, I know no better method than trunk, or waist, bending and circling. It can be done directly after the arm movements described to you on Wednesday.



DORIS DOSEHER



At the start, be sure to stand in correct position, with your abdomen in. Remember that the knees must remain rigid throughout. Place your hands on your hips, bend the body forward at the waistline. The head should remain in a straight line with the axis of the trunk. Bend forward and back into position four times. Then, also for four counts. Look carefully at the illustration for this backward movement (No. 1).

Circling the waist is a combination of the four positions you have just taken. Start with correct posture—perhaps I had better remind you again just what this is. You should stand with the weight on the balls of the feet and the body held so that a spear passing through it, from the ankle bone up, would come out at the chest near the base of the throat.

Then place your hands on your hips and, keeping your knees rigid, bend from the waist forward and slowly toward the right, as in illustration No. 2; then circle toward the back, the left side, the front, and straight up into normal position. Make the complete circle four times.

When you do this exercise correctly you will find that I have not allowed one inch of those cramped waistline muscles to escape attention. It is absolutely necessary to give them this exercise, because few of us in our natural movements through the day bend and twist gracefully at the waist.

I think I have warned you sufficiently of the dangers of overweight. It takes many years from your life, for to be well preserved does not mean to be encased in fat. It burdens you and interferes with your efficiency, for in a sluggish body is likely to dwell an inactive mind. Even Prince Bismarck found that to keep his brain under control he had to keep his weight under control. You know that overweight affects the heart and other organs. There is an old saying, "A man lives as long as his liver." That trunk bending exercise which I have described to you to-day will help your liver to function properly.

As for what it will do to your waistline—the tape measure will tell you the pleasant truth. New waistlines for old—new grace lines for old.



To-night! Glorify your hair

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